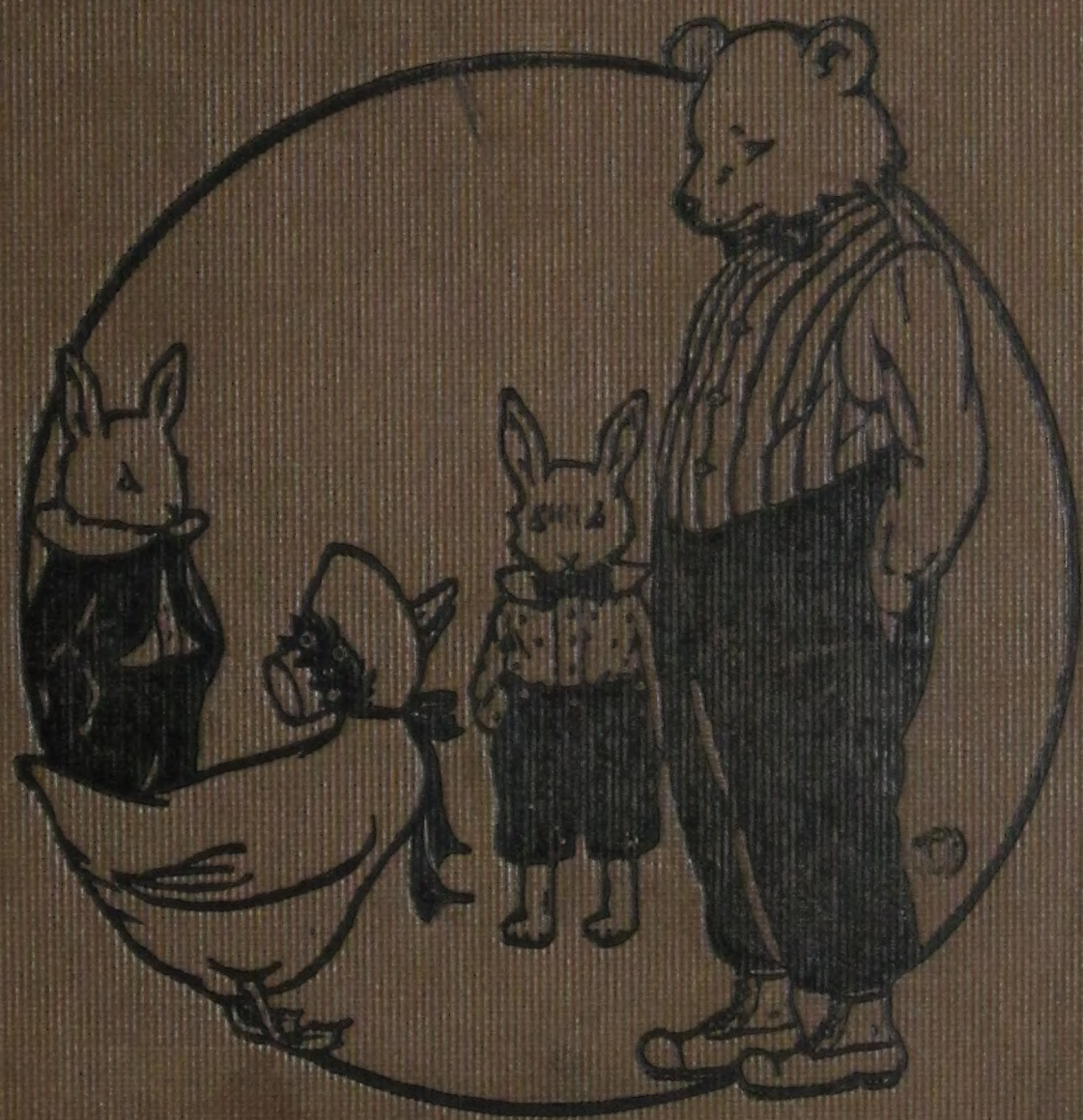


NEW BARNES READERS —THE KEARNY PLAN—



BOOK ONE

MENLO - WILLAPA

SCHOOL No. 1258

VALLEY SCHOOLS
No

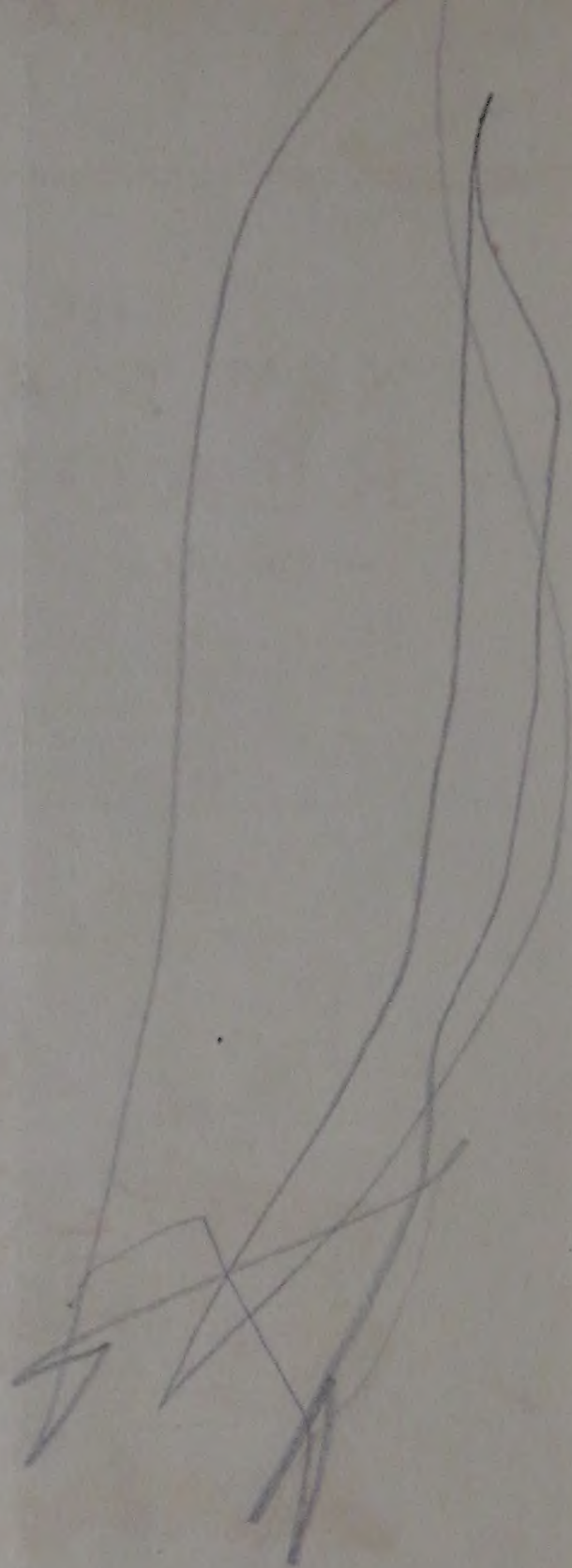
MENLO - WILLAPA

SCHOOL No. 1258

No. 729

VALLEY SCHOOLS

No. _____



THE NEW BARNES READERS

— THE KEARNY PLAN —

HERMAN DRESSEL

Superintendent of Schools, Kearny, N. J.

MAY ROBBINS

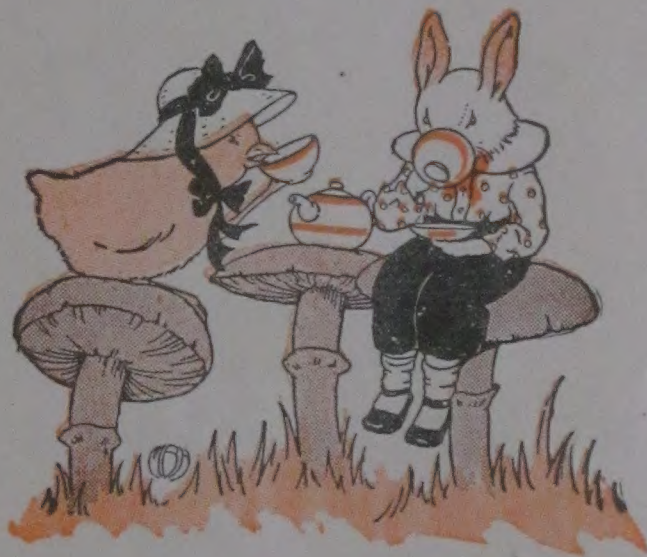
Primary Superintendent, Kearny, N. J.

ELLIS U. GRAFF

Superintendent of Schools, Indianapolis

BOOK ONE

First Year—Second Half



Illustrated by Mabel B. Hill

LAIDLAW BROTHERS

Chicago

Publishers

New York

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY
THE A. S. BARNES COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1924, BY
LAIDLAW BROTHERS

The story The Rabbit and the Nut is an adaptation of The Wise Lion and the Timid Rabbit from a collection of Eastern Stories and Legends by Marie L. Shedlock, and is used by permission of E. P. Dutton & Co.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE WOLF AND THE GOAT	5
CHICKEN LITTLE	6
THE CAT AND THE FOX	13
THE CLOUDS	15
THE GINGERBREAD MAN	17
THE BEE AND THE GOATS	23
RED HEN AND THE FOX	29
SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP	33
THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PIG	34
THE OLD GOOSE AND THE SEVEN GOS- LINGS	45
FARMER BROWN'S BIG PIG	53
SWEET AND LOW	60
THE TWO FRIENDS	62
THE MOUSE SISTERS	66
CRADLE SONG	74
THE RABBIT AND THE NUT	76
WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST	80
HOW THE SEEDS WERE SCATTERED	86
THREE LITTLE KITTENS	93
THE FAIRY'S GIFT	99
THE CRANE AND SLY FOX	108
THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE STAR	112
OUR MOTHER	117
WORD LIST	119-128



THE WOLF AND THE GOAT

WOLF — I am very hungry. I would like a fat goat to eat. There is one on that high rock. How can I get her? I will go and talk to her.

Good morning, Mrs. Goat.

GOAT — Good morning, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF — See the fine grass down here. Come and eat with me, Mrs. Goat.

GOAT — Thank you, Mr. Wolf. You like to eat goats as well as grass. I will stay up here. Run along, Mr. Wolf.

WOLF — Look out, Mrs. Goat! Some day I will get you.



CHICKEN LITTLE

I

Chicken Little was in the garden. A leaf fell on her tail.

“Oh, oh,” she said, “the sky is falling!”

Away she ran to find Hen Pen.

“Oh, Hen Pen,” said Chicken Little, “the sky is falling!”

“How do you know?” said Hen Pen.

“Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my poor tail.”

“Let us run and tell the King,” said Hen Pen.



II

Chicken Little and Hen Pen ran till they met Duck Luck.

“Oh, Duck Luck,” said Hen Pen, “the sky is falling!”

“How do you know, Hen Pen?”

“Chicken Little told me.”

“How do you know, Chicken Little?”

“Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my poor tail.”

“I will run with you to the King,” said Duck Luck.



III

Chicken Little, Hen Pen and Duck Luck ran on. Soon they met Goose Loose.

“Oh, Goose Loose,” said Duck Luck, “the sky is falling!”

“How do you know, Duck Luck?” said Goose Loose.

“Hen Pen told me.”

“How do you know, Hen Pen?”

“Chicken Little told me.”

“How do you know, Chicken Little?”

“Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my poor tail.”

“Let me run with you to the King,” said Goose Loose.

IV

Then Chicken Little, Hen Pen, Duck Luck and Goose Loose ran till they saw Turkey Lurkey.

“Oh, Turkey Lurkey,” said Goose Loose, “the sky is falling!”

“How do you know, Goose Loose?” said Turkey Lurkey.

“Duck Luck told me.”

“How do you know, Duck Luck?”

“Hen Pen told me.”

“How do you know, Hen Pen?”

“Chicken Little told me.”

“How do you know, Chicken Little?”

“Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my poor tail.”

“We will run to the King,” said Turkey Lurkey.





V

Chicken Little, Hen Pen, Duck Luck, Goose Loose and Turkey Lurkey ran till they met Fox Lox.

“Oh, Fox Lox,” said Turkey Lurkey, “the sky is falling!”

Fox Lox said, “How do you know, Turkey Lurkey?”

“Goose Loose told me.”

“How do you know, Goose Loose?”

“Duck Luck told me.”

“How do you know, Duck Luck?”

“Hen Pen told me.”

“How do you know, Hen Pen?”

“Chicken Little told me.”

“How do you know, Chicken Little?”

“Oh, I saw it with my eyes, I heard it with my ears, and part of it fell on my poor tail.”

“I will take you to the King,” said Fox Lox.

So Chicken Little, Hen Pen, Duck Luck, Goose Loose, and Turkey Lurkey ran after Fox Lox.

He took them into his den.

But they never came out.



THE CAT AND THE FOX

FOX — Good morning, friend,
how are you to-day?

CAT — I am well, thank you,
Mr. Fox.

FOX — Will you take a walk with me to-day?

CAT — I am afraid of the dogs, Mr. Fox.

FOX — I am not afraid. I know a hundred tricks. Dogs cannot catch me.

CAT — I know only one trick.

FOX — Only one? Then I must teach you some. Oh, there are the dogs! What shall we do?

CAT — I shall climb this tree. Then the dogs cannot get me.

FOX — What shall I do? I cannot climb. I do not know that trick.

CAT — You see my one trick is better than your hundred.



THE CLOUDS

White sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops
You all stand still.

You walk far away,
When the winds blow;
White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go?

OLD RHYME



THE GINGERBREAD MAN

I

An old woman and an old man lived in a little old house. They had one little boy.

One day the old woman was making gingerbread. "Make me a gingerbread man, mother," said the little boy.

So mother cut the gingerbread and put it in the oven. The little boy opened the oven door and looked in. Out jumped the Gingerbread Man. Away he ran.

The old woman, the old man and the little boy ran after him.

On went Gingerbread Man, shouting;

"Run, run, as fast as you can,

But you'll not catch the
Gingerbread Man."



II

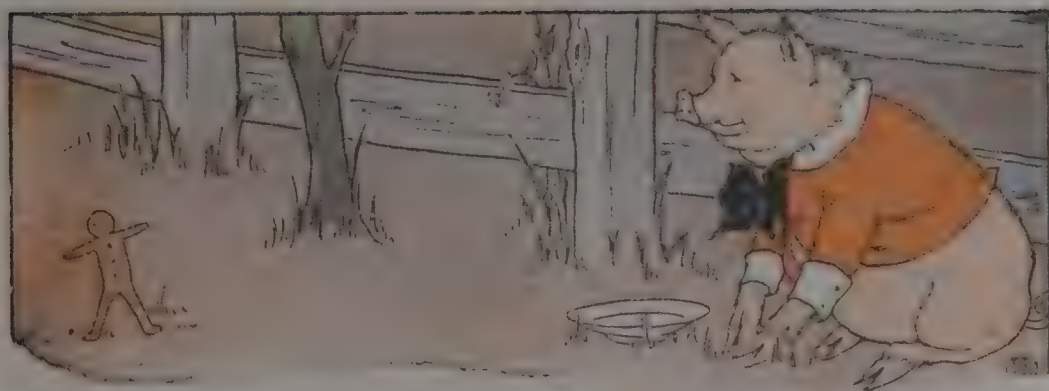
Soon Gingerbread Man met a bear. “Where are you going, Gingerbread Man?” said the bear.

“I’m running away from an old woman, an old man and a little boy, and I can run away from you, too.”

And on he went, calling;

“Run, Bear, run, as fast as you can,

But you’ll not catch the Gingerbread Man.”



III

Then Gingerbread Man met a pig. "Where are you going so fast?" said the pig.

"I'm running away from an old woman, an old man, a little boy and a bear, and I can run away from you, too,"

"I'll run with them," said the pig.

But on went Gingerbread Man, saying;

"Run, Pig, run, as fast as you can,

But you'll not catch the Gingerbread Man."



IV

Then a wolf came walking by.
“Where are you going, Gingerbread Man?” said the wolf.

“I’m running away from an old woman, an old man, a little boy, a bear and a pig, and I can run away from you, too.”

“Try it and see,” said the wolf.
And he ran, too.

But on went Gingerbread Man, shouting;

“Run, Wolf, run, as fast as you can,

But you’ll not catch the Gingerbread Man.”



V

Soon Gingerbread Man was seen by a fox.

“Where are you going, Gingerbread Man?” said the fox.

“I’m running away from an old woman, an old man, a little boy, a bear, a pig and a wolf, and I can run away from you, too.”

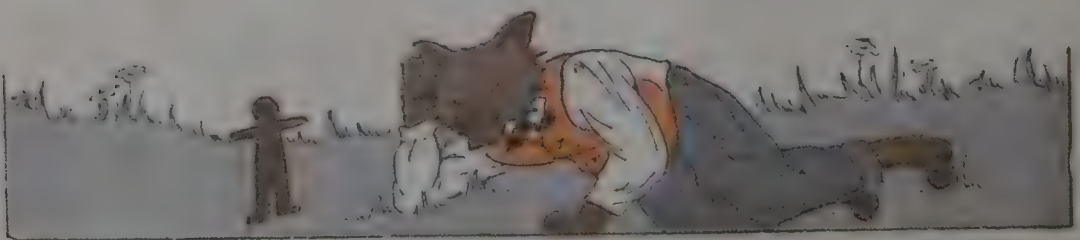
“What did you say, Gingerbread Man?” said the fox. “Come a little nearer. I cannot hear you.”

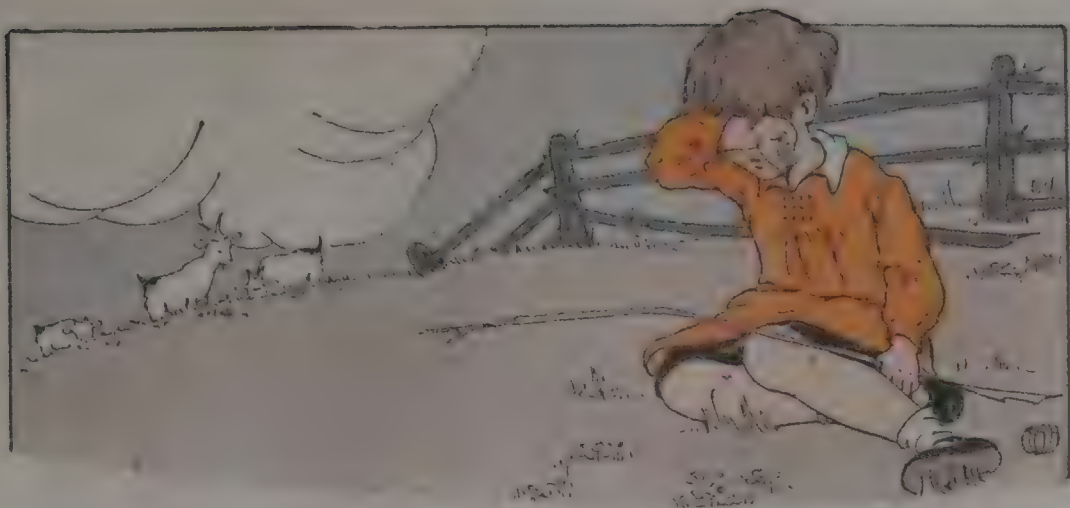
So Gingerbread Man came a little nearer the fox and called,

“I’m running away from an old woman, an old man, a little boy, a bear, a pig and a wolf, and I can run away from you, too.”

“I cannot hear you,” said the fox. “Come nearer and talk in my ear.”

Gingerbread Man came close to the fox’s ear. And what do you think? The fox ate every bit of him.





THE BEE AND THE GOATS

I

Once a boy had three goats. One was a big goat. One was a middle-sized goat. And one was a little goat.

The boy lived near a hill. Every day he took the goats to the hill to eat the green grass.

One morning, on the way to the hill, the goats ran into a turnip field. The boy ran after the goats, but he could not get them out. So he sat down on the grass and cried.



II

Along came a cat. “Why are you crying?” asked the cat.

“Oh, oh! My goats are in the turnip field. I ran and ran but I could not get them out,” cried the boy.

“I will do it for you,” said the cat.

So the cat ran after the goats, but she could not get them out.

Then she sat down on the grass and cried.



III

Soon a rabbit hopped by. "Why are you crying?" asked the rabbit.

"Oh," said the cat, "I cry because the boy cries."

"And I cry because I cannot get my goats out of the turnip field," said the boy.

"I will do it for you," said the rabbit.

The rabbit hopped after the goats, but he could not get them out.

So he sat down on the grass and cried, too.

IV

While they sat crying, along came a fox.

"Why are you crying?" asked the fox.

"Oh," said the rabbit, "I cry because the cat cries."

"And I cry because the boy cries," said the cat.

"And I cry because I cannot get my goats out of the turnip field," said the boy.

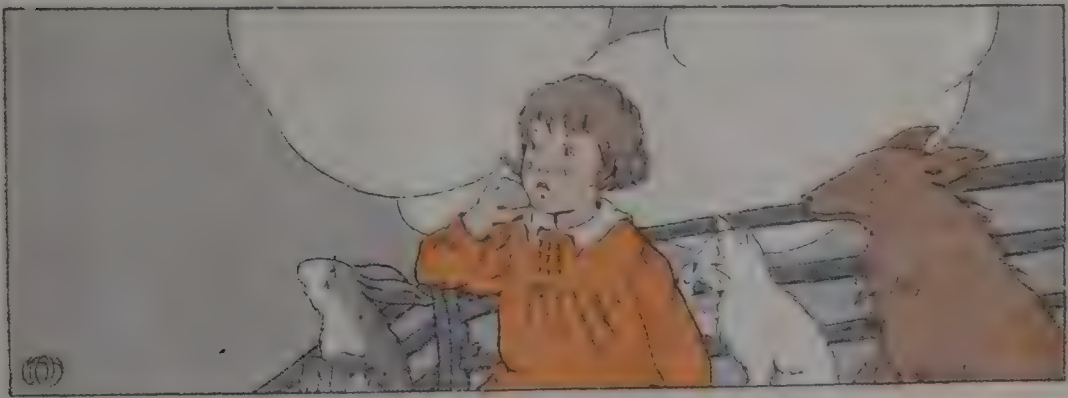
"I can get them out," said the fox.



“Try it,” they said.

The fox ran, and ran, and ran, but he could not get the goats out of the turnip field.

So the fox sat down on the grass and cried too.



V

A little bee saw them crying. “Why are you crying?” said the bee.

“Oh,” said the fox, “I cry because the rabbit cries.”

“And I cry because the cat cries,” said the rabbit.

“And I cry because the boy cries,” said the cat.

“And I cry because I cannot get my goats out of the turnip field,” said the boy.

“I will get them out,” said the bee.

“You, you?” they all cried. “Can a little bee get three goats out of a turnip field?”

“Watch me and see,” said the bee.

Away flew the bee to the biggest goat’s back. Out of the field ran the biggest goat.

Away flew the bee to the middle-sized goat’s back. Out of the field ran the middle-sized goat.

Then on flew the bee to the little goat’s back. And away ran the little goat out of the turnip field.



RED HEN AND THE FOX

I

Red Hen lived in a little red house. Near the house lived Sly Fox. His mother lived with him.

One day Mother Fox said: "I want a hen to eat."

"Very well, Mother," said Sly Fox, "I will get one for you. Give me a bag. Have a pot of water hot."

Then Sly Fox went to Red Hen's house.

"I'll stay here till I see her," he said.



II

Red Hen was in her garden.
She saw Sly Fox.

“What shall I do?” she cried.
“I’ll fly up on my little house.
A fox cannot fly.”

When Sly Fox saw Red Hen
on the house, he said, “I’ll get
her now.”

So he ran round and round
the house. It made Red Hen
so dizzy that she fell off the
house.

Sly Fox put her into his bag
and away he ran.

III

Red Hen was so heavy that Sly Fox stopped to rest. Soon he was asleep.

"Now is my time," said Red Hen.

She took her little scissors and cut a hole in the bag. Out she jumped and found a stone. She put the stone in the bag and tied up the hole.

Then home she ran and into the house she flew.

"He'll not catch me again," she said.



IV

Sly Fox opened his eyes. Then he picked up the bag and walked off.

"This Red Hen is heavy," he said.

Mother Fox saw him coming.

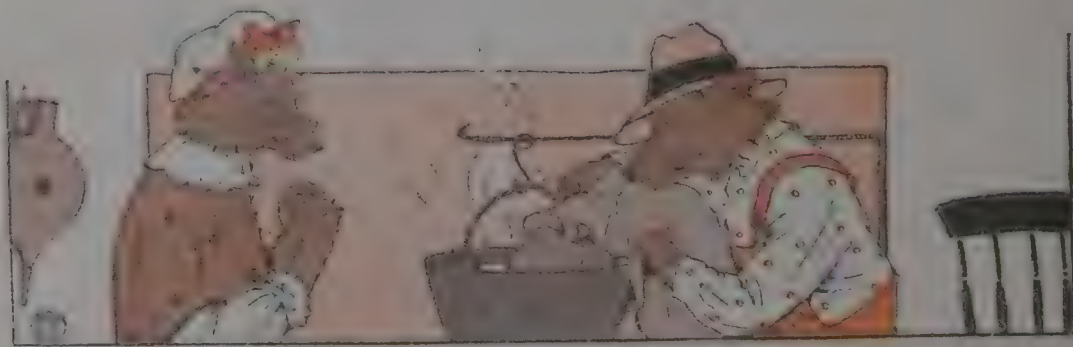
"The water is hot," she called.

"Have you Red Hen?"

"Yes, Mother, in my bag," he said.

"Hold the bag over the pot," said Mother Fox. "Let Red Hen drop in."

Sly Fox picked up the bag. Into the pot fell a big, big stone!





SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father guards the sheep.
Thy mother shakes the dream-
land tree.
A little dream falls down to
thee.

Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, baby, sleep.
The large stars are the sheep.
The little stars are lambs, I
guess.
The bright moon is the shep-
herdess.

Sleep, baby, sleep.

FROM THE GERMAN



THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PIG

I

There was once an old woman. One day she found some money.

“I’ll buy a pig,” she said.

So the old woman bought a

fat pig. As she was walking home with her pig, they came to a fence. The pig would not jump over.

Along came a dog and the old woman said:

“Dog, dog, bite pig!

Pig won't jump over the fence,

And I shall not get home to-night.”

But the dog would not.

Then the old woman saw a stick and she said:

“Stick, stick, beat dog!

Dog won't bite pig,

Pig won't jump over the fence,

And I shall not get home to-night.”

But the stick would not.



II

Then the old woman called
to the fire:

“Fire, fire, burn stick!

Stick won't beat dog,

Dog won't bite pig,

Pig won't jump over the
fence,

And I shall not get home to-
night.”

But the fire would not.

Then she saw some water
near by, and said:

“Water, water, quench fire!

Fire won't burn stick,

Stick won't beat dog,

Dog won't bite pig.

Pig won't jump over the fence,

And I shall not get home to-
night.”

But the water would not.



III

An ox came walking by, and
the old woman called:

“Ox, ox, drink water!”

Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't jump over fence,
And I shall not get home to-
night."

But the ox would not.

Along came a butcher, and
the old woman called:

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox!
Ox won't drink water,
Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,
Dog won't bite pig,
Pig won't jump over the
fence,

And I shall not get home to-
night."

But the butcher would not.



IV

Then the old woman took a rope and said:

“Rope, rope, hang butcher!
Butcher won't kill ox.
Ox won't drink water,
Water won't quench fire,
Fire won't burn stick,
Stick won't beat dog,

Dog won't bite pig.

Pig won't jump over the
fence,

And I shall not get home to-
night."

But the rope would not.

A rat ran under the fence.

The old woman called:

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope!

Rope won't hang butcher,

Butcher won't kill ox,

Ox won't drink water,

Water won't quench fire,

Fire won't burn stick,

Stick won't beat dog,

Dog won't bite pig,

Pig won't jump over the
fence,

And I shall not get home to-
night."

But the rat would not.



V

Then the old woman saw a cat and she said:

“Cat, cat, eat rat!”

“I will,” said the cat, “if you’ll give me a bit of cheese.”

So the old woman gave the cat a bit of cheese, and then —

The cat began to eat the rat,
The rat began to gnaw the
rope,

The rope began to hang the
butcher,

The butcher began to kill the
ox,

The ox began to drink the
water,

The water began to quench
the fire,

The fire began to burn the
stick,

The stick began to beat the
dog,

The dog began to bite the
pig,

The pig jumped over the
fence.

So the old woman and her
pig got home that night.





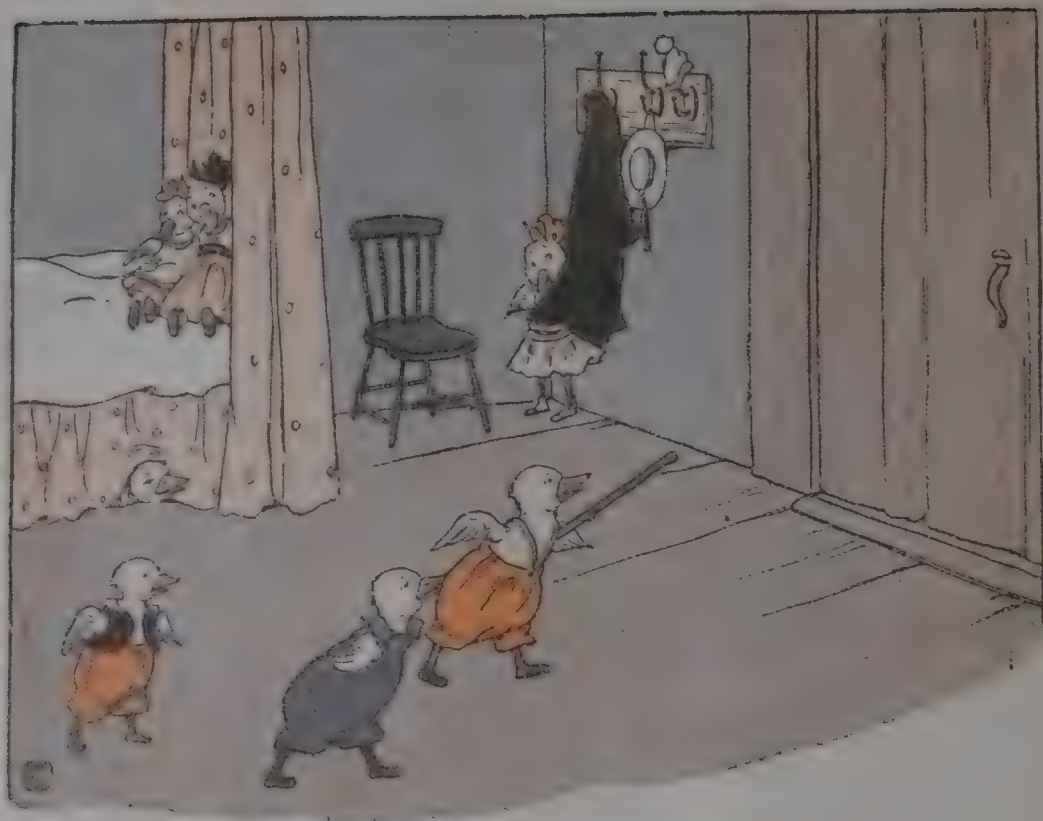
THE OLD GOOSE AND THE SEVEN GOSLINGS

I

There was once an old goose. She had seven little goslings, and she loved every one of them.

One day she said to her little ones, "I am going to find something to eat. Do not open the door while I am away. The old wolf might get in. He would eat you. You will know him by his rough voice and his black feet."

"We will not let him in, Mother," they all said. So the old goose went away.



II

Soon they heard some one at the door. A rough voice said, "Let me in, little ones. I am your mother. I have something for you to eat."

"No, no," cried the goslings. "You are not our mother. You have a rough voice. You are the wolf. You want to eat us."

Then the wolf ran away.

By and by he came again
This time his voice was soft.

“Let me in, goslings,” he said.
“I am your mother. I have
something for you.”

But the little goslings saw
his black feet under the door.

“No, no,” they said. “Your
voice is soft, but your feet are
black. You are not our mother.
You are the wolf. You want
to eat us.”





III

The wolf ran off again. This time he put flour on his feet. Then he came back to the door.

“Open the door, little ones,” he said. “I am your dear mother. You may know me by my soft voice and my white feet.”

The goslings heard the soft voice. They saw the white feet.

“Yes, yes,” they all cried. “This is our mother.”

So they opened the door and in came a big wolf.

When the goslings saw the wolf they tried to hide.

One went under the table. One ran under the bed. One hid under a chair. One jumped into the oven. One flew to the loft. One hopped into the big bowl. The little one flew into the tall clock.

The old wolf found all but the little one. He ate them, feathers and all.





IV

Soon Mother Goose came home. The door was wide open. Not a gosling was in sight. She looked everywhere.

Then she heard a soft voice calling, "Mother, mother; here I am in the tall clock. The wolf has eaten your goslings. I am all that is left."

"Fly down to me, little gosling," said the mother. "Get my scissors, needle and thread. We will find the old wolf. He shall not have my little ones."

They ran as fast as they could. The old wolf was asleep by the brook.

“Sh-h-h,” said the mother.

“Snip, snip,” went the scissors.

Out hopped the six little goslings.

“Sh-h-h,” said the mother.

“Get six stones.”

They did as mother said. Mother filled the old wolf with the stones.

“Click, click,” went the needle.

“Now let us hide,” said the mother. “We will see what the wolf will do.”

Soon the wolf opened his eyes.

“These goslings are heavy,” he said. “They feel like stones. I’ll go to the brook and drink.”

He stooped to drink and into
the brook he fell.

Then out ran the old goose
and her seven little goslings.

“The wolf is dead,” they
cried.

“Hurrah!”





FARMER BROWN'S BIG PIG

I

Farmer Brown had two fine pigs. One was a big pig. One was a little pig.

One day the big pig said,

“Farmer Brown wants us to get fat. I know what that means. I shall run away. I want a home of my own. Will you go with me, little pig?”

“No,” said the little pig, “I will stay with Farmer Brown.”

“Then I’ll ask the ram,” said big pig.

“Friend Ram,” said the pig. “Will you run away with me? I want a home of my own. I will let you live with me.”

“How will you get through the gate?” asked the ram.

“You can push it open with your horns,” said the pig.

So the ram pushed the gate with his horns and broke it.

Then away to the woods ran the ram and the pig.



II

As they were running, they met a duck.

“Good morning, friends,” she said. “Why are you running away?”

“We are going to the woods to build a house,” said the pig. “The ram is going with me. We want a home of our own.”

“I would like to go with you,” said the duck.

"You may if you can help build the house," said the pig.

"Oh, I can do that," said the duck. "I can pick up leaves with my beak and stuff them into the cracks. Then the house will be warm."

"You're a good duck," said the ram. "Come along."

III

So the pig, the ram, and the duck went on.

Soon they met a mouse.

"Good morning, friends," said the mouse. "Why are you running away?"

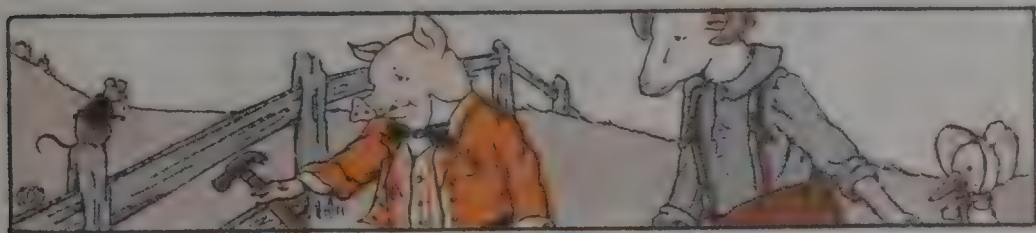
"We are going to the woods to build a house," said the pig. "The ram and the duck are going with me. We want a home of our own."

“May I go with you?” asked the mouse.

“You may if you can help,” said the pig. “What can you do?”

“I can gnaw pegs with my teeth. The ram can pound them into the wall with his horns.”

“That will help,” said the ram. “You may come with us.”



IV

So the pig, the ram, the duck and the mouse ran on.

Then they met an old dog.

“Good morning, friends,” said the dog. “Why are you running away?”

“We are going to the woods to build a house,” answered the pig. “The ram, the duck and the mouse are going with me. We want a home of our own.”

“I would like a home, too,” said the dog. “May I go with you?”

“What can you do to help build the house?” asked the ram.

“I cannot build,” said the dog. But I can bark and keep the foxes away.”

“That is fine,” said the ram. “You may come with us.”





v

So the pig, the ram, the duck, the mouse and the dog ran on.

After a while they came to the woods. They found a fine place for the house.

The pig cut down the trees. The mouse gnawed the pegs. The ram pounded the pegs into the wall. The duck stuffed the cracks with leaves. The dog barked to keep the foxes away.

Soon they were safe and happy in their house.

They all said, "How fine it is to have a home of our own."



SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and
blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my
pretty one, sleeps.



Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon,
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in
 the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon;
Sleep my little one, sleep my
 pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON



THE TWO FRIENDS

I

A pig lived near a camel. They were good friends.

The pig was small. He was very proud of his little curly tail.

The camel was tall. He thought nothing was so fine as his hump.

One day the camel said to the pig, "I wish you would grow. To be tall is the best thing in the world."

“I do not think so,” said the pig. “It is better to be short than tall.”

“Come with me,” said the camel. “I’ll show you that it is better to be tall than short. If I do not, I will give you my fine hump.”

The camel took the pig to a garden. There was a wall around it. The camel could look over the wall. There was no way for the pig to get in.

The camel put his head over the wall and ate all he wanted. The poor pig could not get a bite.

“What a fine dinner I have had,” said the camel. “You see now that it is better to be tall than short.”



II

“Not so fast,” said the pig.
“I will show you that it is
better to be short than tall. If
I do not I will give you my
beautiful curly tail.”

The pig took the camel to another garden. The camel could look in, but the good things were too far away. He could not get them. The pig ran in through a small gate. He ate and ate and ate.

When the pig came out he said, "Now you see it is better to be short than tall."

"Well," said the camel, "sometimes it is better to be short: sometimes it is better to be tall. I will keep my hump."

"Right," said the pig. "And I will keep my beautiful curly tail."

So the friends ran home, saying,

"To be as we are is the best thing in the world."

THE MOUSE SISTERS

I

Tit Mouse was Tat Mouse's sister. Tat Mouse was Tit Mouse's sister. So they both had a sister.

Tit Mouse lived in a house. Tat Mouse lived in a house. So they both lived in a house.

Tit Mouse was hungry, and Tat Mouse was hungry. So they both were hungry.

Tit Mouse stole an ear of corn. And Tat Mouse stole an ear of corn. So they both stole an ear of corn.

Tit Mouse made corn broth. Tat Mouse made corn broth. So they both made corn broth.

Tit Mouse put her broth on

the fire. She up-set the broth and burned herself to death. So Tat Mouse sat down and wept.

There was a little stool near. The little stool said,

“Tat, why do you weep?”

“Oh,” said Tat, “Tit is dead and so I weep.”

“Then,” said the stool, “I’ll hop.”

So the stool hopped.

There was a broom in the room. The broom said,

“Little stool, why do you hop?”

“Oh,” said the stool. “Tit is dead and Tat weeps. So I hop.”

“Then I’ll sweep,” said the broom.

So the broom swept.



II

The door saw the broom sweep. So the door said,

“Broom, why do you sweep?”

“Oh,” said the broom, “‘Tit is dead, and ‘Tat weeps, and the stool hops, and so I sweep.”

“Then I’ll shut,” said the door. So the door shut.



Then the window heard the door shut. And the window said,

“Door, why do you shut?”

“Oh,” said the door, “Tit is dead, and Tat weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and so I shut.”

“Then I’ll creak,” said the window.

So the window creaked.



There was an old bench near
the house. The bench said,

“Window, why do you creak?”

And the window said,

“Oh, Tit is dead, and Tat
weeps, and the stool hops, and
the broom sweeps, and the door
shuts, and so I creak.”

“Then I’ll run around the
house,” said the bench.

So the bench ran around the
house.

A robin in the tree saw the
bench running.

So the robin said,

“Bench, why do you run around the house?”

And the bench said, “Oh, Tit is dead, and Tat weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and the door shuts, and the window creaks, and so I run around the house.”

“Then I’ll shed my feathers,” said the robin.

So the robin shed all his feathers.



III

The tree saw the robin shedding feathers. So the tree said,

“Robin, why do you shed all your feathers?” And the robin said,

“Oh, Tit is dead, and Tat weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and the door shuts, and the window creaks, and the old bench runs around the house, and so I shed all my feathers.”

“Then I’ll drop my apples,” said the tree.

So the tree dropped all her apples.

Then the wind blew through the tree. And the wind said,

“Tree, why do you drop all your apples?”

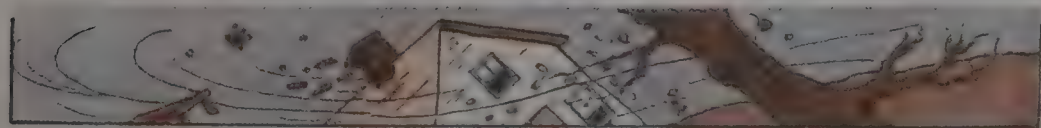
And the tree said,

“Oh, Tit is dead, and Tat weeps, and the stool hops, and the broom sweeps, and the door shuts, and the window creaks, and the old bench runs around the house, and the robin sheds all his feathers, and so I drop all my apples.”

“Then I’ll blow,” said the wind.

So the wind blew the tree against the house, and over the old bench, and upset the door, and broke the window, and the house fell down.

And the stool and the broom and poor Tat Mouse were never seen again.



CRADLE SONG

What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Mother, let me fly away.
Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger,
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says like little birdie,
Let me rise and fly away,
Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger,
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away.

From Sea Dreams. ALFRED TENNYSON.





THE RABBIT AND THE NUT

A fox once told a timid rabbit that sometime the sky would fall.

After that, whenever the rabbit heard a big noise he was afraid and when he heard a little noise he was afraid.

One day he was under a nut tree. A big nut fell on some sticks.

Away the rabbit ran, shouting, "Run, run, the sky is falling!"

Soon all the rabbits were run-

ning and calling, "Run, run, the sky is falling!"

Then the pig, the goat, the bear and the camel heard the cry. They ran, too, and shouted, "The sky is falling!"

The wise lion heard the cry.

"What is all this shouting about?" he asked.

"The sky is falling!" they all cried.

"Why do you think so?" asked the lion.

"I think so because the bear told me," said the camel.

"And I think so because the goat told me," said the bear.

"And I think so because the pig told me," said the goat.

"And I think so because the rabbits told me," said the pig.

“But who told the rabbits?” asked the lion.

“Oh, I did,” said the timid rabbit. “I heard a noise under the nut tree.”

“We will go and see,” said the lion. “Get on my back. Show me the tree.”

Away they ran to the nut tree.

“Foolish little rabbit,” said the lion. “Do you see that nut? It fell on the sticks and made the noise. Run back and tell the other animals.”

So the timid rabbit ran back and told the others that the sky was not falling.

If the lion had not been wise, the animals might be running still.





WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST

I

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee! Listen to me. Who stole my nest and my four little eggs?”

“Moo-oo! moo-oo! I did not,” said the cow. “I gave you a bit of hay to help make your nest. I would not steal from you.”



II

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee! Listen to me. Who took my nest? And the little eggs I laid? Now I have no home. Who did it?”

“Bow, wow! bow wow! Not I,” said the dog. “I would not be so mean. I gave hairs to line your nest. Do you think I would take it? Not I.”



III

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee! Listen to me. Who stole my nest and my four little eggs? Now I shall have no home and no baby birds. Who stole them?”

“Baa! baa! baa! I would not do such a thing,” said the sheep. “Oh, no! I gave wool to help line the nest. And can you think I would take it? Oh, no!”



IV

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee! Listen to me. Who stole my eggs and my pretty nest? What shall I do without my home and my little eggs? Who stole them?”

“Cluck! cluck! cluck!” said the hen. “Why do you ask again? I haven’t a little chick that would be so mean. We gave you some feathers to make your nest soft. I know how a mother bird feels about her eggs. Cluck! cluck! Don’t ask me again!”



V

“To-whit! to-whit! to-whee!
Listen to me. Who stole my
beautiful nest? Who stole my
four little eggs? Did you know
they were my little baby birds?
Who stole my nest and eggs?”

“I would not rob a bird,” said
Alice. “I never heard of any-
thing so mean.”

“It was very cruel, too,” said Mary. “Think how sad the mother bird feels.”

But John hung his head and hid behind the fence. For he knew who stole the nest.



HOW THE SEEDS WERE SCATTERED

I

Milkweed Plant was very sad. Her seeds were ripe. The pods were ready to break.

“Who will scatter my seeds?” thought Milkweed Plant. “My friend the ram is living near. I will ask him.”

One day as the old ram passed, Milkweed said, “Please, Ram, will you carry my seeds on your back and scatter them?”

“Oh, I have no time,” said the ram, “I am busy pounding pegs in my new home. Here comes the mouse. Ask him.”

II

“Please, Mouse,” said Milk-

weed, "will you scatter my seeds for me?"

"Not I," said the mouse. "I am busy gnawing pegs for the ram to pound into our new home. Here comes the duck. Ask her."



“Please, dear Duck,” said Milkweed, “take my seeds on your feathers and scatter them for me.”

“I?” said the duck, “I am busy putting leaves in the cracks in our new home. Here comes the dog. Ask him.”

“Please, good friend,” said Milkweed, “take my seeds and scatter them.”

“Bow-wow,” answered the dog, “I am busy barking. Here comes Biggest Billy Goat and his brothers. Ask them.”

III

So the Milkweed said to Biggest Billy, “Dear Billy, will you and your brothers scatter my seeds?”

“We will not,” said Biggest Billy. “We are on our way to the hill to eat the green grass. There is a robin in that apple tree. Ask him.”

Then Milkweed said to the robin, “Kind Bird, will you carry my seeds on your wing and scatter them?”

“I cannot,” said the robin, “I am soon going south. I have many things to keep me busy. The wind is singing in this tree. Ask the wind.”

IV

Then the poor, tired Milkweed said, “Wind, dear Wind, will you scatter my seeds for me? My friends are all too busy.”

“Yes,” said the Wind, “I will, but I shall need help. Whom have you asked?”

And Milkweed answered, “I asked the ram and the mouse. They were building a new house.

The duck was filling the cracks with leaves.

The dog was barking all day long.

The Billy Goats could think of nothing but the green grass on the hill.

The robin was getting ready to go south.”

V

“Well,” said the Wind, “they shall all help. I will find a way.” Then he blew a great gust of wind.



The Milkweed pods burst open. Out flew the seeds. The wind carried them over the field.

They fell on the ram's back and stuck to the wool.

The dog caught them in his warm coat.

Even the mouse found he must take some.

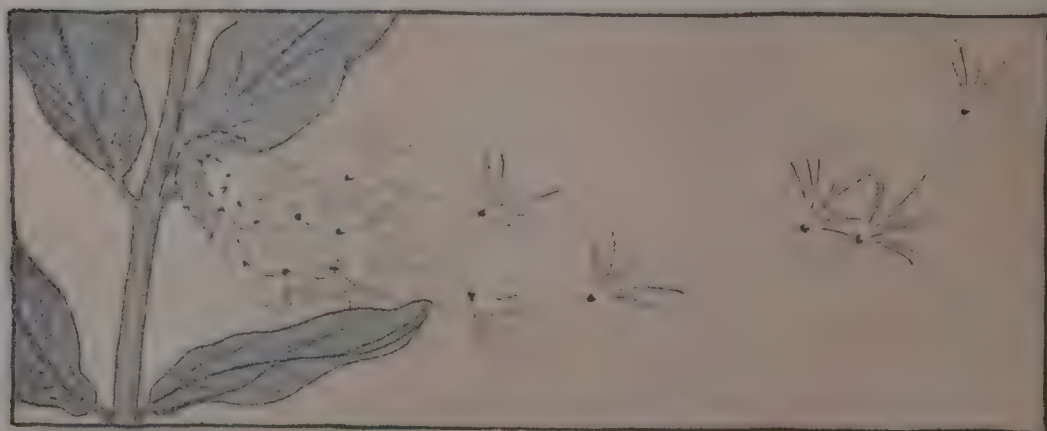
They fell on the goats' backs.

The wind blew some seeds under the feathers of the duck and the robin.

VI

So the goats scattered them on the hill. The ram, the mouse and the dog dropped them over the field. They fell from the robin's wings as he flew south and the duck carried them across the pond.

Thus the Milkweed's seeds were scattered and she was happy at last.



THREE LITTLE KITTENS

The three little kittens
Lost their mittens,
And they began to cry:
“Oh, Mother dear,
We sadly fear
New mittens you should buy.”

“What! get new mittens
For my little kittens?
I want to bake a pie.”

“Meow, meow,
Meow, meow,”
The kittens began to cry.

So mother cat
Put on her hat,
And let the kittens cry.

“I’ll go to the fair,
Buy each a pair,
Then I can bake my pie.”



She bought the mittens
For three little kittens.
At a fine fair close by.
“Here little kitttens,
Are your new mittens,
Now I will bake my pie.”

These same little kittens
Lost their new mittens,
And they began to cry:
“Dear mother, your kittens
Have lost their mittens,
That you went to the fair to
buy.”

“What! lost your mittens,
You naughty kittens,
Then you shall have no pie.”

“Meow, meow,
Meow, meow,”
They all began to cry.

The three little kittens
Soon found their mittens,
And they began to cry:
“Oh, Mother dear,
Our mittens are here.
That you went away to buy.”

“What! found your mittens,
My dear little kittens,
Then you shall have some pie.”

“Purr, purr,
Purr, purr,”
They all began to cry.

The three little kittens
Put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie.

“Oh, Mother dear,
See here, see here,”
They all began to cry.

“You’ve soiled your mittens.
You naughty kittens,”
Their mother began to cry.

“No more new mittens
For bad little kittens,
And no more nice meat pie.”

But the little kittens
Washed their new mittens,
And hung them up to dry.
“See, your dear kittens
Have washed their mittens.”
They all began to cry.



“What! washed your mittens,
Dear, dear little kittens,
But I smell a rat close by,
Hush, hush,
Hush, hush,
I’ll make another pie.”



THE FAIRY'S GIFT

I

There was once a little girl. She lived with her mother. Her father was dead. The little girl and her mother were very poor. They were hungry all the time, for there was nothing in the house to eat.

One day the little girl said, "Mother, may I go into the woods? I want to find some berries for you."

"Yes, dear child," said her mother. "Go find some for yourself, but do not get lost."

So the little girl went to the woods. She looked and looked, but she could find only a few blueberries. She put them in her little cup. "I will take these to my mother," she said.



II

Just then she looked up.
There stood a little old woman.

She was crying. "Oh dear! Oh dear! I am so hungry! I am so hungry."

The little girl looked at her berries. She wanted them for her mother. Then she looked at the poor woman. "Here," she said, "take these berries and eat them."

The little girl held out her cup. Then she saw that the old woman was a beautiful fairy.

"I see you have a kind heart," said the fairy. "Make a wish and I will grant it."

"I wish never to be hungry," said the girl.

III

Then the fairy gave her a little pot. "This is my gift," she said.



“When you are hungry, put it on the table. Then say,

‘Little pot, boil.’

And the pot will be full of beautiful white rice. When you have enough, say,

‘Little pot, stop.’

Say these words and you will never be hungry.” Then she was gone.

The little girl ran home quickly with her little pot.

“Oh, mother, see!” she cried,
“the fairy’s gift.” Then she put
the pot on the table and said,

“Little pot, boil.”

And at once the pot was full of
beautiful white rice.



“Little pot, stop,” she cried.
The little girl and her mother
ate the good rice for their dinner.
So it went on. When they were
hungry, the girl or her mother
would say,

“Little pot, boil.”

When the pan was full, one said,
“Little pot, stop.”



IV

One day the little girl went into the woods to play. She wanted to see the fairy again. “I should like to thank her,” she thought.

While she was gone, her mother wanted some rice. She put the pot on the table and said,

“Little pot, boil.”

The pan was soon full. The mother wanted to stop it. She could not think what to say.



The rice boiled over. It kept on boiling. It filled the little house. The mother ran into the street. The rice ran out into the street after her. It ran into the other houses. All the people ran out. The rice ran on and on.

V

The mother saw the little girl coming and cried, "How shall I stop the rice?" And the little girl cried,

"Little pot, stop."

At once the rice stopped. But the streets were full.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" the people cried, "what shall we do? Where can we sleep tonight? How shall we get to our homes?"

"We must eat our way home," said the little girl.



Then the people all began to eat. They ate and ate till they were tired of eating. At last they all were home again.

THE CRANE AND SLY FOX

One day Sly Fox met a crane. A crane is a bird with long legs and a long bill.

"Good morning, Miss Crane," said Sly Fox.

"How-do-you-do, Sly Fox," answered the Crane.

"When are you coming to see me?" asked Sly Fox.

"I will come today if you wish," said the Crane.

"I have something good to eat," said Sly Fox.

"I shall be glad to come," said the Crane.

So the Crane went home with Sly Fox.

"You have a very fine home," said the Crane.



“I am glad you like it, Miss Crane,” answered Sly Fox.

Then they sat down to eat.

Now Sly Fox had broth to eat and the broth was in a flat dish. The Crane was a very tall bird.

She had a long neck and a long bill, so she could not eat from the flat dish. She tried to eat some broth, but she could not get any.

Sly Fox ate and ate till the broth was all gone.

"Your broth smells good," said the Crane.

"I am so glad you like it," said Sly Fox.

Then the Crane went home.

One day the Crane met Sly Fox.

"Good Morning, Sly Fox," said the Crane, "when are you coming to see me?"

"I will come today," said Sly Fox.

"I have something good to eat," said the Crane.

So Sly Fox went to see the Crane.

The Crane had broth to eat. It was in a tall pitcher.

"I am glad you like broth," said the Crane.

Then the Crane put her long bill into the pitcher.

She ate all the broth she wanted. Sly Fox tried and tried, but he did not get a drop of the broth.

"Don't you like this broth?" asked the Crane.

"I cannot get any of it," said Sly Fox.

"Well, now you can see how I liked your broth," said the Crane.

Then Sly Fox ran home to find something to eat.

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE STAR

One night a mother put her little girl to bed. She told her, "I will shake the dream-land tree for you. Go to sleep."

But the little girl could not sleep. She saw a beautiful star in the sky and she said over and over :

"Star light, star bright,
First star I see to-night,
I wish I may, I wish I might,
Have the wish I wish to-
night."

Her wish was to have the star come down and play with her.

"I will find some one to get the star for me," said the little girl.



“Come out, little girl,” some one said to her. So she went out and there she saw the old woman and her pig.

“What do you want?” asked the old woman.

“I want the star to come down to me,” answered the little girl.

“Then we will find the rabbit. He will tell us what to do,” said the old woman.

So they walked till they met the rabbit. He said, “We will find the old goose and her goslings. They will tell us what to do.”

So they went on. Soon they came to a field with green grass. A tree was in the field. On the tree the little girl saw beautiful red leaves.

Under the tree she saw the old goose and her goslings.

“Oh, see the beautiful field and the pretty tree!” said the little girl.

Then they went into the field. They saw far away a beautiful white sheep and a lamb. They were asleep.

“Let me go to them,” said the little girl.

The old woman answered, “You may go, but we will stay here.”

The little girl ran very fast to the sheep, but she fell down with a bump!

Then she woke up and found she was on the floor. She had been asleep and had fallen out of bed.



Outside she saw the star and the moon. "Oh, mother," she said. "I have been in dream-land."

OUR MOTHER

Hundreds of stars in the clear
blue sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore
together,
Hundreds of birds that go sing-
ing by,
Hundreds of bees in the sunny
weather,
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet
the dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple
clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the
lawn,
But only one mother the wide
world over.

ANONYMOUS.

The poems "Sweet and Low" and "Our Mother" are to be used for memory work, therefore the new words are not listed. (See Manual.)

WORD LIST

This list comprises the new words used in Book One. Words which have already been used in the Primer are not included. The words are grouped under the name of the story in which they first appear.

The Wolf and the Goat

fat	Mrs.
rock	along
high	

Chicken Little

chicken	luck
leaf	fall
sky	Goose Loose
ear	Turkey Lurkey
part	Fox Lox
poor	never
king	

The Cat and the Fox

afraid	only
hundred	teach
trick	climb
catch	better

The Clouds

cloud	stop
sheep	still
blue	

The Gingerbread Man

an	say
old	try
gingerbread	seen
oven	near
shout	hear
you'll	close
from	every

The Bee and the Goats

grow	bee
cry	watch
because	flew
cries	why

Red Hen and the Fox

bag	tied
dizzy	pick
heavy	hold
stone	over
scissors	drop
hole	

Sleep, Baby, Sleep

thy	star
guard	guess
shake	bright
dreamland	moon
large	shepherdess
lamb	sleep

The Old Woman and the Pig

money	quench
buy	ox
fence	drink
bite	butcher
won't	hang
beat	cheese
to-night	

The Old Goose and the Seven Goslings

gosling	clock
love	feather
might	wide
rough	sight
voice	everywhere
hide	tall
hid	left
loft	needle

The Old Goose and the Seven Goslings --Continued

thread	click
brook	stoop
snip	feel
fill	dead
these	hurrah

Farmer Brown's Big Pig

farmer	you're
ram	warm
wood	peg
mean	teeth
own	pound
gate	wall
push	keep
horn	place
answer	bark
leaves	safe
beak	happy
stuff	their
crack	

The Two Friends

camel	world
small	short
proud	show
curl	head
hump	beautiful
wish	right
best	

The Mouse Sisters

Tit	stool
Tat	weep
sister	broom
both	room
stole	sweep
corn	swept
broth	shut
up-set	creak
herself	window
death	bench
wept	robin

The Mouse Sisters—Continued

shed	against
drop	

Cradle Song

cradle	nest
song	strong
birdie	rise
peep	limb

The Rabbit and the Nut

timid	foolish
nut	animal
wise	other
about	

Who Stole the Bird's Nest

to-whit	moo
to-whee	cow
listen	steal
egg	laid

Who Stole the Bird's Nest—Continued

bow-bow	haven't	Mary
hair	rob	John
line	Alice	knew
baa	anything	hung
wool	cruel	behind
cluck		

How the Seeds Were Scattered

many	tired	gust
break	burst	last
carry	even	new
coat	great	kind
milkweed	scatter	drop
pod	stuck	wing
south		

Three Little Kittens

meow	wash	more
naughty	bake	pie
pair	bad	purr
should	lost	soil

Three Little Kittens—Continued

kittens	nice	mittens
smell	fear	
meat	hung	

The Fairy's Gift

enough	boil	people
fairy	food	should
berries	held	child
heart	kept	grant
word	few	street
gift	stood	

The Crane and Sly Fox

bill	flat	neck
crane	don't	pitcher
dish	Miss	

The Little Girl and the Star

bump	fallen	woke
floor	outside	light

A a

B b

C c

D d

E e

F f

G g

H h

I i

J j

K k

L l

M m

N n

O o

P p

Q q

R r

S s

T t

U u

V v

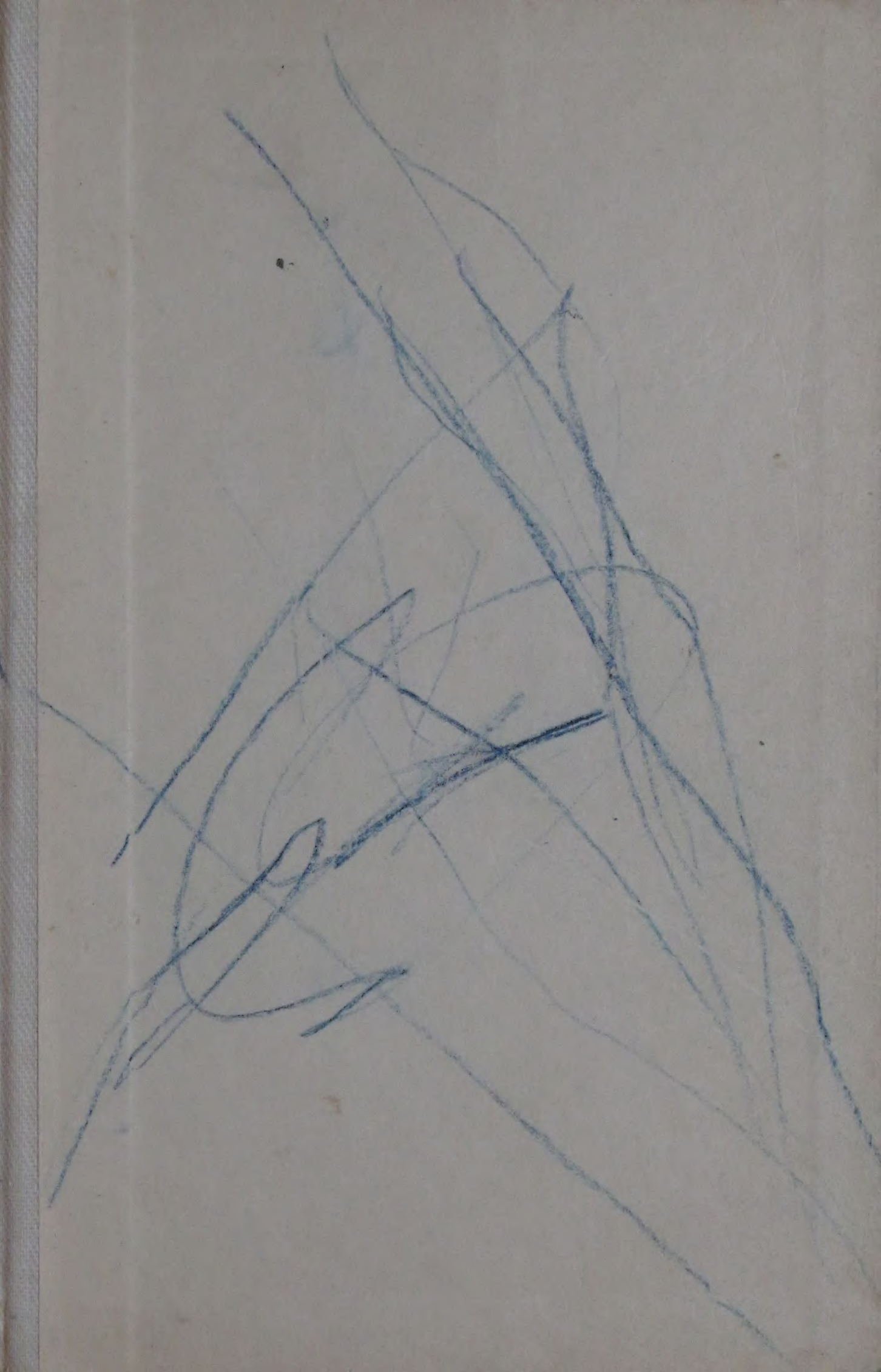
W w

X x

Y y

Z z

VALLEY SCHOOLS
No





datacolor



0 inch 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

WESTCOTT®